THE Second Part OF Mr. Waller's POEMS.

Containing,

His Alteration of the

MAIDS TRAGEDY,

And whatever of his is yet unprinted: Together with some other Poems, Speeches, &c. that were Printed severally, and never put into the First Collection of his Poems.

——*Siquis tamen hæc quoque siquis*
Captus amore leget.

LONDON,
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The Preface.

THE Reader need be told no more in commendation of these Poems, than that they are Mr. *Waller*'s: A Name that carries every thing in it, that's either Great or Graceful in Poetry. He was indeed the Parent of *English* Verse, and the first that shew'd us our Tongue had Beauty and Numbers in it. Our Language owes more to him than the *French* does to *Cardinal Richlieu*, and the

whole Academy. A Poet cannot think of him, without being in the ſame rapture *Lucretius* is in, when *Epicurus* comes in his way.

Tu pater & rerum inventor, Tu patria (nobis
Suppeditas præcepta: Tueſque ex Inclyte, chartis (bant,
Floriferis ut Apes in ſallibus omnia libi-
Omnia Nos itidem depaſcimur aurea- (dicta:
Aurea, perpetua ſemper digniſſima vita.

The Tongue came into his hands, like a rough Diamond; he poliſh'd it firſt, and to that degree that all Artiſts ſince him have ad-

admired the Workmanſhip, without pretending to mend it. *Sucklyn* and *Carew*, I muſt confeſs, wrote ſome few things ſmoothly enough, but as all they did in this kind was not very conſiderable, ſo 'twas a little later than the earlieſt pieces of Mr. *Waller*. He undoubtedly ſtands firſt in the Liſt of Refiners, and for ought I know, laſt too; for I queſtion whether in *Charles* the Second's Reign, *Engliſh* did not come to its full perfection; and whether it has not had its *Auguſtean Age*, as well as the *Latin*. It ſeems to be already mix'd with Foreign Languages, as far as its purity will bear; and, as Chy-

miſts ſays of their *Menſtruums*, to be quite ſated with the Infuſion. But Poſterity will beſt judge of this----In the mean time, 'tis a ſurprizing Reflection, that between what *Spencer* wrote laſt, and *Waller* firſt, there ſhould not be much above twenty years diſtance: and yet the one's Language, like the Money of that time, is as currant now as ever; whilſt the other's words are like old Coyns, one muſt go to an Antiquary to underſtand their true meaning and value. Such advances may a great Genius make, when it undertakes any thing in earneſt!

Some

Some Painters will hit the chief Lines, and maſter ſtrokes of a Face ſo truly, that through all the differences of Age, the Picture ſhall ſtill bear a Reſemblance. This Art was Mr. *Waller*'s; he ſought out, in this flowing Tongue of ours, what parts would laſt, and be of ſtanding uſe and ornament; and this he did ſo ſucceſsfully, that his Language is now as freſh as it was at firſt ſetting out. Were we to judge barely by the wording, we could not know what was wrote at twenty, and what at fourſcore. He complains indeed of a Tyde of words that comes in upon the *Engliſh* Poet, o're

o'reflows whate're he builds: but this was leſs his caſe than any mans, that ever wrote; and the miſchief on't is, this very complaint will laſt long enough to confute it ſelf. For though *Engliſh* be mouldring Stone, as he tells us there; yet he has certainly pick'd the beſt out of a bad Quarry.

We are no leſs beholding to him for the new turn of Verſe, which he brought in, and the improvement he made in our Numbers. Before his time, men Rhym'd indeed, and that was all: as for the harmony of meaſure, and that dance of words, which good

good ears are ſo much pleas'd with, they knew nothing of it. Their *Poetry* then was made up almoſt entirely of monoſyllables; which, when they come together in any cluſter, are certainly the moſt harſh untunable things in the World. If any man doubts of this, let him read ten lines in *Donne*, and he'll be quickly convinc'd. Beſides, their Verſes ran all into one another, and hung together, throughout a whole Copy, like the *hook't Attoms*, that compoſe a Body in *Des Cartes*. There was no diſtinction of parts, no regular ſtops, nothing for the Ear to reſt upon---But as ſoon as the

the Copy began, down it went like a Larum, inceſſantly; and the Reader was ſure to be out of Breath, before he got to the end of it. So that really Verſe in thoſe days was but down-right Proſe tagg'd with Rhymes. Mr. *Waller* remov'd all theſe faults, brought in more Polyſyllables, and ſmoother meaſures; bound up his thoughts better, and in a cadence more agreeable to the nature of the Verſe he wrote in: So that where-ever the natural ſtops of that were, he contriv'd the little breakings of his ſenſe ſo as to fall in with 'em. And for that reaſon ſince the ſtreſs of our Verſe lyes com

commonly upon the last Syllable, you'll hardly ever find him using a word of no force there. I would say if I were not afraid the Reader would think me too nice, that he commonly closes with Verbs, in which we know the Life of Language consists.

Among other improvements, we may reckon that of *his Rhymes*: Which are always good, and very often the better for being *new*. He had a fine Ear, and knew how quickly that Sense was cloy'd by the same round of chiming Words still returning upon it. 'Tis a decided Case by the great Master of Writing. *Quæ sunt ampla & Pulchra,*

chra, diu placere poſſunt; quæ lepida & concinna, (amongſt which Rhyme muſt, whether it will or no, take its place) *cito ſatietate afficiunt aurium ſenſum faſtidioſiſſimum.* This he underſtood very well, and therefore, to take off the danger of a Surfeit that way, ſtrove to pleaſe by Variety, and new ſounds. Had he carried this Obſervation (among others) as far as it would go, it muſt, methinks, have ſhown him the incurable fault of this jingling kind of Poetry, and have led his later judgment to blank Verſe. But he continu'd an obſtinate Lover of Rhyme to the very laſt: 'Twas a Miſtreſs, that never

never appear'd unhandſome in his Eyes, and was courted by him long after *Sachariſſa* was forſaken. He had rais'd it, and brought it to that perfection we now enjoy it in: And the Poet's temper (which has always a little vanity in it) would not ſuffer him ever to ſlight a thing, he had taken ſo much pains to adorn. My Lord *Roſcommon* was more impartial: No man ever Rhym'd truer and evener than he; yet he is ſo juſt as to confeſs, that 'tis but a Trifle, and to wiſh the Tyrant dethron'd, and blank Verſe ſet up in its room. There is a third perſon, the living Glory of our Engliſh Poetry, who has

has disclaim'd the use of it upon the Stage, tho no man ever employ'd it there so happily as He. 'Twas the strength of his Geinus that first brought it into credit in Plays; and 'tis the force of his Example that has thrown it out agen. In other kinds of writing it continues still; and will do so, till some excellent Spirit arises, that has leisure enough, and resolution to break the charm, and free us from the *troublesome bondage of Rhyming.*

As Mr. *Milton* very well calls it, and has prov'd it as well, by what he has wrote in another way. But this is a thought for times at some distance; the present Age is a little

too Warlike: It may perhaps furnish out matter for a good Poem in the next, but 'twill hardly encourage one now: Without Prophesying, a Man may easily know, what sort of Lawrels are like to be in request?

Whilst I am talking of Verse, I find my self, I don't know how, betray'd into a great deal of Prose. I intended no more than to put the Reader in mind, what respect was due to any thing that fell from the Pen of Mr. *Waller*. I have heard his last Printed Copies, which are added in the several Editions of his Poems, very slightly spoken of; but certainly they don't deserve it. They do indeed discover

ver themſelves to be his laſt, and that's the worſt we can ſay of 'em. He is there *Jam Senior : Sed cruda Deo viridiſque Senectus.* The ſame cenſure perhaps will be paſt on the pieces of this ſecond part. I ſhall not ſo far engage for 'em, as to pretend they are all equal to whatever he wrote in the vigour of his Youth. Yet they are ſo much of a piece with the reſt, that any Man will at firſt ſight know 'em to be Mr. *Waller's.* Some of 'em were wrote very early, but not put in former Collections, for reaſons obvious enough, but which are now ceas'd. The Play was alter'd, to pleaſe the Court : 'Tis not to be doubted who ſat for the

the two Brothers Characters. 'Twas agreeable to the ſweetneſs of Mr. *Waller*'s Temper, to ſoften the rigour of the Tragedy, as he expreſſes it; but whether it be ſo agreeable to the Nature of Tragedy it ſelf, to make every thing come off eaſily, I leave to the Criticks. In the Prologue, and Epilogue, there are a few Verſes that he has made uſe of upon another occaſion. But the Reader may be pleaſed to allow that in him, that has been allowed ſo long in *Homer* and *Lucretius*. Exact Writers dreſs up their thoughts ſo very well always, that when they have need of the ſame ſenſe, they can't put it into other words, but it muſt be to its

prejudice. Care has been taken in this Book to get together every thing of Mr. *Waller*'s, that's not put into the former Collection; so that between both, the Reader may make the set compleat.

It will perhaps be contended after all, that some of these ought not to have been Publish'd: And Mr. *Cowly*'s decision will be urg'd, that a neat Tomb of Marble is a better Monument, than a great Pile of Rubbish, *&c.* It might be answer'd to this, that the Pictures and Poems of great Masters have been always valu'd, tho the last hand weren't put to 'em. And I believe none of those Gen-

Gentlemen that will make the objection would refuse a Sketch of *Raphael's*, or one of *Titian's* draughts of the first sitting.

I might tell 'em too, what care has been taken by the Learned, to preserve the Fragments of the Ancient Greek and Latin Poets: There has been thought to be a Divinity in what they said, and therefore the least pieces of it have been kept up and reverenc'd, like Religious reliques. And I am sure, take away the *mille anni*, and impartial reasoning will tell us, there is as much due to the Memory of Mr. *Waller*, as to the

most

most celebrated names of Antiquity.

But to wave the dispute now o what *ought* to have been done; can assure the Reader, what *woul* have been had this Edition been de lay'd. The following Poems were go abroad, and in a great many hands It were vain to expect that among so many admirers of Mr. *Waller*, the should not meet with one fond enough to Publish 'em. They migh have staid indeed, till by frequen transcriptions they had been corrup ed extreamly, and jumbled togeth with things of another kind: Bu then they would have found the wa

ay into the World. So 'twas ought a greater piece of kindneſs o the Author, to put 'em out; hilſt they continue genuine and unix'd; and ſuch, as he himſelf, were e alive might own.

Pro-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

MAIDS TRAGEDY.

Alter'd by Mr. *W.*

Scarce ſhould we have the boldneſs to pretend
So long renown'd a Tragedy to mend,
Had not already ſome deſerv'd your praiſe
With like attempt: Of all our elder Plays,
This and Philaſter *have the lowdeſt fame,*
Great are their Faults, and glorious is their Flame.
In both our Engliſh *Genius is expreſt;*
Lofty and bold, but negligently dreſt.

Above our Neighbours our Conceptions are,
But faultleſs Writing is th' effect of Care.
Our Lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haſte;
Poliſht like Marble, would like Marble laſt.
But as the preſent, ſo the laſt Age writ;
In both we find like negligence and wit.
Were we but leſs indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts.
Our Muſe would flouriſh, and a nobler rage
Would honour this, than did the Græcian *Stage.*
Thus ſays our Author, not content to ſee
That Others write as careleſly as He,
Tho he pretends not to make things compleat,
Yet to pleaſe You, he'd have the Poets ſweat.
In this old Play, what's new we have expreſt
In rhiming Verſe, diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt:
That, as the Roan *its haſty way does make,*
Not mingling Waters, thro Geneva's *Lake:*

So having here the different ſtiles in view,
You may compare the former with the new.
If we leſs rudely ſhall the Knot unty,
Soften the rigour of the Tragedy:
And yet preſerve each perſons character:
Then to the Other, This you may prefer.
'Tis left to You: the Boxes and the Pit,
Are ſoveraign Judges of this ſort of Wit.
In other things the knowing Artiſt may
Judge better than the people: but a Play,
Made for delight, and for no other uſe,
If you approve it not, has no excuſe.

Enter Evadne, *with a Page of Honour.*

Evad. A *Mintor* loſt, it were as vain a thing,
As 'tis prodigious, to deſtroy the King
Compell'd by Threats, to take that bloody Oath,
And the Act ill, I am abſolv'd by both.
A Veſtal vow'd, with pity I look down
On the Kings Love, and fierce *Melantius* frown.
Theſe will to both my reſolutions bring:
Page, give *Melantius* that, theſe to the King.

Exit Page with Letter.

Under how hard a fate are Women born!
Priz'd to their ruine, or expos'd to ſcorn!
The pow'r of Princes Armies overthrows:
What can our Sex againſt ſuch force oppoſe?

Lov

Love and Ambition have an equal ſhare
In their vaſt Treaſures, and it coſts as dear
To ruine us, as Nations to ſubdue:
But we are faulty, tho all this be true.
For Towns are ſtarv'd, or batter'd e're they yield:
But We perſwaded rather than compell'd:
For things ſuperfluous neglect our Fame,
And weakly render up our ſelves to ſhame.
But here's the ſacred place, where we may have,
Before we dye, an honourable Grave.
The Dead, and they that live retired here,
Obtain like pardon from the moſt ſevere.

She knocks and the Abbeſs enters.

Abb. The great *Evadne* viſiting our Cell!

Evad. 'Tis not to viſit you, but here to dwell.
Can you find room for one ſo bad as I,
That humbly begs ſhe may among you dye?

Abb. You that so early can correct your thoughts,
May hope for pardon for your greatest faults.
Happy is she, who from the World retires,
And carries with her what the World admires!
Thrice happy she, whose young thoughts fix'd above,
While she is lovely, does to Heav'n make Love.
I need not urge your promise, e're you find
An entrance here, to leave the World behind.

Evad. My guilty Love Devotion shall succeed.
Love, such as mine was, tho a dang'rous Weed,
Shews the rich soyl, on which it grew so high,
May yield as fair a Crop of Piety.
But of all passions, I Ambition find
Hardest to banish from a glorious mind.
Yet Heav'n our object made, Ambition may,
As well as Love, be turn'd a nobler way.
Still I ascend--it is a step above
A Princes favour, to belong to *Jove*.

They both go in, and the door shut.
Ente

Enter Melantius *alone, with a Letter in his hand.*

Mel. Among the *Veſtals!* ſhe'll corrupt them all,
And teach them from their Sacred Vow to fall.
The ſtanding Regiments, the Fort, the Town,
All but this wicked Siſter is our own.
O! that I could but have ſurpriz'd the Wretch,
Before ſhe did the place of refuge reach!
That fatal Beaſt, maliciouſly forſworn,
Twice falſe *Evadne*, thus I would have torn.

Tears the Paper with fury

But this deſign admits of no delay,
And our Revenge muſt find ſome ſpeedy way.
I'll ſound *Lucippus*, he has always paid
Reſpect to my deſerts: could he be made
To joyn with us, we might preſerve the State;
And take revenge, without our Countrys fate.
He loves his Brother, but a preſent Crown
Cannot but tempt a Prince ſo near the Throne.

He's full of Honour: tho he like it not,
If once he ſwear, he'll not reveal the Plot. *Exit.*

The King enters alone.

King. Melantius falſe! it cannot be, and yet
When I remember how I merit it,
He is preſented to my guilty mind
Leſs to his Duty, than Revenge inclin'd.
'Tis not my nature to ſuſpect my friends,
Or think they can have black malicious ends.
'Tis doing wrong creates ſuch doubts as theſe,
Renders us jealous, and deſtroys our peace.
Happy the Innocent, whoſe equal thoughts
Are free from anguiſh, as they are from faults.

Enter Page with a Letter.

Page. 'Tis from *Evadne*, Sir. *Exit.*

King. Why ſhould ſhe uſe
Her Pen to me? 'tis ſome important news!

Read

Reads the Letter.

From among the Veſtals. [Strangely dated!]

WHere I am retir'd from the rage of my offended Brothers. I wiſh you were as ſecure from their Revenge. They aim at your Life, and made me ſwear to take it. They have got poſſeſſion of the Fort, and are aſſur'd of the inclination both of the Souldiers and Citizens. My firſt Prayer is to the Gods for your preſervation; my next to your Majeſty, that if they return to their duty, you would afford them your Grace.

Enter about the middle of the Letter Melantius *and* Lucippus *whiſpering.*

O my preſaging thoughts! how right are you!
All that *Callianax* affirm'd is true.
The Crown we hazard, when at home we ſtay,
And teach our forces others to obey.

Con-

Conduct of Armies is a Princes Art :
And when a Subject acts that Royal Part,
As he in Glory rises, we grow less:
While our Arms prosper, ruin'd by success.
For in a Court what can so dreadful be,
As one more glorious than our selves to see !

Seeing them whisper.

But there's *Melantius*---to *Lucippus* ear ;
What 'tis he trusts, I'll step aside and hear.

He hides himself, to hearken to their discourse.

Lucipp. How am I caught with an unwary Oath
Not to reveal the secret, which I loath !
To stain my Conscience with my Brothers blood,
To be a King ! No, not to be a God.
He that with patience can such Treason hear,
Tho he consent not, has a Guilty Ear.
Unto thy self pronounce the name of *King* ;
That word will keep thee from so foul a thing.

M

Mel. Sir, your fond care & kindneſs comes too late,
To ſave your Brother, or prevent my hate:
The People mutiny, the Fort is mine,
And all the Souldiers to my will incline;
Of all his Servants he has loſt the heart,
In his own Court I have the nobler part:
Unto your ſelf pronounce the name of King;
That word will tell you 'tis no trivial thing
That you are offer'd: Do not ſtorm and frown
At my endeavours to preſerve the Crown.
Wear it your ſelf; occaſion will not ſtay;
'Tis loſt unleſs you take it while you may.
Tumult and ruine will o'rewhelm the State,
And you'll be guilty of your Countrys fate.

Luc. aſide. Some form'd deſign againſt the K. is laid;
Let's try how far our reaſon may perſwade.
To him. The Crown you value ſo, my Brother bears
Upon his Head, and with it all the cares;

While

While I enjoy th' advantage of his State,
And all the Crown can give, except the weight
Long may he live, that is so far above
All Vice, all Passion, but excess of Love:
And can th' effects of Love appear so strange,
That into Beasts our greatest Gods can change!

Mel. The deathless Gods, when they commit a Rape
Disguis'd a while, again resume their Shape;
But Princes once turn'd into Beasts, remain
For ever so, and should, like Beasts, be slain.

Luc: Tho more in years, you have a Mistress still,
And for that fault would you your Soveraign kill?
Love is the frailty of Heroic minds,
And where great Vertues are our pardon finds.
Brutes may be Chast; Pidgeons, Swans and Doves,
Are more confin'd, than we are, in their Loves.
Justice and Bounty, in a Prince, are things
That Subjects make as happy as their Kings.

Will

Will you contract the guilt of Royal Blood?
And rob your Country of her chiefeſt good?

Mel. Of one, whoſe Luſt his Family has ſtain'd,
By whoſe good Conduct he ſecurely reign'd.

Luc. Of one, whoſe choice firſt made your Valour (known,
And with whoſe Armies you have got renown.
Tis all the gratitude Subjects can ſhew,
To bear with Patience what their Princes do.

Mel. Yet *Brutus* did not let proud *Tarquin* ſcape.

Luc. The Prince his Son was guilty of a Rape.
For Joys extorted with a violent hand,
A juſt revenge might with your honour ſtand.
But ſhould a Prince, becauſe he does comply
With one, that's fair, and not unwilling, dye?
Or is it fit the people ſhould be taught
Your Siſters frailty, with my Brothers fault?

Mel. Let her be known unchaſt, ſo it be ſaid,
That he that durſt perſwade her to't is dead.

Luc. The King has wrong'd you: Is it juſt that you
Miſchief to me and the whole Nation do?

Mel. A brave Man rather than not take revenge
Juſt, or unjuſt, ſhould the whole World unhinge.

Luc. Yet of all Vertues, Juſtice is the beſt,
Valour, without it, is a common Peſt.
Pirates and Thieves, too oft with Courage grac'd
Shew us how ill that Vertue may be plac'd.
'Tis our complexion makes us chaſt or brave;
Juſtice from Reaſon, and from Heav'n we have.
All other Vertues dwell but in the blood,
That in the Soul, and gives the name of good;
Juſtice, the Queen of Vertues, you deſpiſe,
And only rude and ſavage Valour prize.
To your revenge you think the King and all
That Sacred is, a Sacrifice ſhould fall:

The Town be ruin'd, and this Iſle laid waſt,
Only becauſe your Siſter is not chaſt.
Can you expect, that ſhe ſhould be ſo ſage
To rule her blood, and you not rule your rage?
Both foul diſtempers are, but yours the worſe,
Leſs pleaſure has, and brings a greater curſe.

Mel. In Idle *Rhodes* Philoſophers are bred,
And you, young Prince, are in their Morals read.
Nor is it hard for one that feels no wrong,
For patient duty to employ his Tongue.
Oppreſſion makes men mad, and from their breaſt,
All reaſon does, and ſenſe of duty wreſt.
The Gods are ſafe, when under wrongs we groan,
Only becauſe we cannot reach their Throne.
Shall Princes then, that are but Gods of clay,
Think they may ſafely with our honour play?
Reward a Souldiers Merit with a ſtain
To his whole Race, and yet ſecurely Reign?

Farewel!

Farewel! I know ſo brave a Man will ſcorn
To tell the ſecret, unto which he's ſworn.
Luc. aſide. I promis'd Secreſy, but did not ſay
I would look tamely on. *To him. Melantius* ſtay
Tho you ſurpriz'd me, and my haſty word
Reſtrains my Tongue, it tyes not up my Sword.
Of other Vertues tho you are bereft
By your wild rage, I know your Valour's left.
Swear not to touch my Brother, or with ſpeed
Behind the Caſtle-wall let's meet. *Mel.* Agreed.
Exit Luci
Mel. His well-known Vertue, and his conſtant Love
To his bad Brother may the people move:
I'll take the occaſion, which he gives, to bring
Him to his Death, and then deſtroy the King. [*Ex. Me*
Enter the King as diſcovering himſelf.
King. O! what an happineſs it is to find
A friend of our own blood, a Brother kind!

A Prince ſo good, ſo juſt, ſo void of fear,
Is of more value than the Crown I wear.
The Kingdom offer'd, if he would engage,
He has refus'd with a becoming rage.
Happy this Iſle, with ſuch a Hero bleſt;
What Vertue dwells not in his Loyal Breaſt?

Enter Strato.

Str. Sir, we are loſt, *Melantius* has the Fort,
And the Town riſes to aſſault the Court:
Wherein they'll find the ſtrongeſt part their own:
If you'll preſerve your ſelf, you muſt be gone.
I have a Garden opens to the Sea,
From whence I can your Majeſty convey
To ſome near friend.

King. There with your Shallop ſtay:
The Game's not loſt, I have one Card to play.
Suffer not *Diphilus* to leave the Court;
But bid him preſently to me reſort. *Exit* Strato.

Had not this Challenge ſtopt the impendent fate,
We muſt have periſht with the ruin'd State.
Forts, Souldiers, Citizens, of all bereft,
There's nothing but our private Valour left:
If he ſurvive, I have not long to Reign;
But he that's injur'd ſhould be fairly ſlain.
The people for their Darling would repine,
If he ſhould fall by any hand, but mine.
Leſs wiſe than valiant, the vain man is gone
To fight a Duel, when his work was done.
Should I command my Guards to find him, where
He meets my Brother, and deſtroy him there,
All hope of Peace for ever would be loſt,
And the wiſe Rabble would adore his Ghoſt.
Dead, than alive, he would do greater harm,
And the whole Iſland, to revenge him, arm.
So popular, ſo mighty have I made
This fighting man, while I liv'd in the Shade.

But

But 'twas a double fault to raiſe him ſo,
And then diſhonour on his houſe to throw.
Ill govern'd paſſions in a Princes Breaſt,
Hazard his private, and the public reſt.
But Errors, not to be recall'd, do find
Their beſt redreſs from preſence of the mind.
Courage our greateſt failings does ſupply,
And makes all good, or handſomely we dye.
Life is a thing of common uſe, by Heav'n
As well to Flyes, as unto Princes giv'n.
But, for the Crown, 'tis a more ſacred thing:
I'll dying loſe it, or I'll live a King.

Enter Diphilus.

Come, *Diphilus*, we muſt together walk,
And of a matter of importance talk.

Diph. aſide. What fate is this! had he ſtay'd half (an hour,
The riſing Town had ſteed me from his Power.

Exeunt.

Scene changes into a Field: Into which enter Lucippus *and* Melantius, *with Swords drawn.*

Mel. Be yet advis'd, th' injurious King forſake;
Death, or a Scepter from *Melantius* take.

Lucip. Be thou advis'd, thy black deſign forſake
Death, or this Counſel from *Lucippus* take.

Mel. Youth and vain confidence thy life betray
Thro Armies this has made *Melantius*'s way.

Lucip. Drawn for your King, that Sword would
(wonders do
The better Cauſe makes mine the ſharper now.
Thy brutal anger does the Gods defy;
Kings are their care, reſume thy Loyalty:
Or from thy guilty Head I'll pluck the Bays,
And all thy Triumphs ſhall become my praiſe.

Mel. That ſhall be quickly try'd.

Enter the King with Diphilus.

King. With Sword in han
Like a good Brother, by your Brother ſtand.

Dip

Diph. Glad that your pleaſure lies this noble way:
I never did more willingly obey.

King. Thy Life, *Melantius*, I am come to take,
Of which foul Treaſon does a forfeit make.
To do Thee honour, I will ſhed that blood,
Which the juſt Laws, if I were faultleſs, ſhould.

Mel. 'Tis bravely urg'd, Sir; but, their Guards away,
Kings have but ſmall advantage of the Law.

King. Having infring'd the Law, I wave my right
As King, and thus ſubmit my ſelf to fight.
Why did not you your own fierce hand employ,
As I do mine, and tell the reaſon why?
A Subject ſhould be heard before he's ſlain:
And does leſs right belong to us that Reign?

Mel. If, as unjuſt, I could have thought you brave,
This way I choſen had Revenge to have.
A way ſo noble, that I muſt confeſs,
Already I begin to hate you leſs.

So unexpected and so brave a thing,
Makes me remember that you are my King.
And I would rather be contented, since
He challeng'd first, to combat with that Prince.
That so, a Brother for a Sister chang'd,
We may be of your wanton Pride reveng'd.

King. 'Twas I that wrong'd you, you my Li
(have fough
No Duel ever was more justly fought.
We both have reason for our fatal wrath:
Nor is it fit the World should hold us both.

Lucippus to the King apart.
Me for what nobler use can you reserve,
Than thus the Crown from danger to preserve?
Members expose themselves, to save the Head:
This way he shall be satisfy'd, or dead.

Melantius to his Brother apart.
Tho foul Injustice Majesty did stain,
This noble carriage makes it bright again.

Wh

When Kings with Courage act, ſomething divine
That calls for Reverence, does about them ſhine.

Diph. Were we born Princes, we could not expect
For an affront receiv'd; greater reſpect.
They that with ſharpeſt Injuries are ſtung,
If fairly fought withal, forget the wrong.
A thouſand pitties ſuch a Royal pair
Should run this hazard for a wanton ſair.

Mel. Let us fright ſo, as to avoid th' extream
Either of fearing or of killing them.

Lucippus apart to his Brother.

Sir, you ſhould wield a Scepter, not a Sword,
Nor with your Weapon kill, but with your Word.
The Gods by others execute their will.

K. Yet Heav'n does oft with its own Thunder kill:
And when Neceſſity and Right command,
A Sword is Thunder in a Soveraign's hand.

Let us dispatch, lest any find us here,
Before we fight; or he grow less severe.

Here they all Fight.

Lucippus to the King.
Hold Sir, they only guard, and still give place,
To them. Fight us, as Enemies, or ask for Grace.
Mel. I never thought I could expedient see,
On this side death, to right our Family.
The Royal Sword thus drawn, has cur'd a wound
For which no other Salve could have been found.
Your Brothers now in Arms our selves we boast,
As satisfaction for a Sister lost.
The blood of Kings expos'd, washes a stain
Cleaner, than thousands of the Vulgar slain.
You have our pardon, Sir; and humbly now,
As Subjects ought, we beg the same of you.

Here

Here they both kneel.

Pardon our guilty Rage, which here takes end,
For a loſt Siſter, and a ruin'd Friend.

Luc. Let your great heart a gracious motion feel:
Is't not enough, you ſee *Melantius* kneel?
I'll be a pledge for both, they ſhall be true
As heretofore; and you ſhall truſt 'em too.
His Loyal Arm ſhall ſtill ſupport the State,
And you no more provoke ſo juſt an hate.

King. Riſe, brave *Melantius*, I thy pardon ſign,
With as much Joy, as I am proud of mine.
Riſe, Valiant *Diphilus*, I hope you'll both
Forget my fault, as I ſhall your juſt wrath.

Diph. Valour reveal'd in Princes does redeem
Their greateſt faults, and crowns them with eſteem.
Uſe us with Honour, and we are your Slaves,
To bleed for you, when leaſt occaſion craves.

King.

King. With Honour and with Truſt this La
(ſhall kno
After my Brother, none ſo great as you.

Enter the Kings Guards.

Mel. If theſe approach us, Sir, by your comma
Take back your Pardon, on our guard we ſtand

The King ſteps between 'em.

King. What over-diligence has brought you he
Captain of the Guards. Such as you'll pard
(when the News you he
Amintor is retir'd, *Aſpaſia* gone,
And a ſtrange humour does poſſeſs the Town.
They arm apace, Sir, and aloud declare
Things which we dare not whiſper in your Ear.
The Council met, your Guards to find you ſent,
And know your pleaſure in this Exigent.
This honour'd perſon you might juſtly fear,
Were he not Loyal, and amongſt us here.

Th

They ſay his merit's ill return'd, and cry,
With great *Melantius* they will live and dye.

Mel. Sir, not your Power, but Vertue made me bow;
For all he tells you, I did kneeling know.
Tho now the faithfulſt of your Subjects, we
Have been the cauſe of all this Mutiny.
Go comfort, Sir, *Amintor*, while we run
To ſtop the rage of this revolting Town;
And let them know the happineſs they have
In ſuch a Royal pair, ſo juſt, ſo brave.
Lend me your Guards, that if perſwaſion fail,
Force may againſt the Mutineers prevail.

K. to the Guards. Go, and obey, with as exact a care,
All his commands, as if our ſelf were there.
He that depends upon another, muſt
Oblige his Honour with a boundleſs truſt.

Exeunt King *and* Lucippus.

Mel.

Mel. How vain is Man! how quickly changed are
His wrath and fury to a Loyal care!
This drawn but now againſt my Soveraigns Breaſt,
Before 'tis ſheath'd ſhall give him peace and reſt.

Exeunt Brothers and Guards.

And the Scene changes into a Forreſt.

Enter Aſpaſia.

Aſp. They ſay, wild Beaſts inhabit here;
But Grief and Wrong ſecure my fear.
Compar'd to him that does refuſe,
A Tyger's kind, for he purſues.
To be forſaken's worſe than torn,
And Death a leſſer ill than ſcorn.
Oh! that ſome hungry Beaſt would come,
And make himſelf *Aſpaſia*'s Womb!

If

If none accept me for a Prey,
Death muſt be found ſome other way.
Not long ſince, walking in the Field,
I and my Nurſe, we there beheld
A goodly fruit; which tempting me,
I would have pluck'd; but trembling ſhe,
Whoever pluck'd thoſe Berries, cry'd,
In leſs than half an hour dy'd.
Some God direct me to that Bough,
On which thoſe uſeful Berries grow! *Exit.*

Enter Amintor *alone.*

Am. Repentance, which became *Evadne* ſo,
Would no leſs handſome in *Amintor* ſhow.
She ask'd me pardon; but *Aſpaſia* I,
Injur'd alike, ſuffer to pine and dye.
'Tis ſaid, that ſhe this dangerous Forreſt haunts,
And in ſad accents utters her complaints.

Not

Not ev'ry Lady does from Vertue fall,
Th' Injurious King does n't poſſeſs 'em all.
Women are govern'd by a ſtubborn fate,
Their Love's inſuperable as their hate.
No merit their averſion can remove,
Nor ill requital can efface their Love.
If I can find her, e're ſhe periſh, I
Will gain her pardon, or before her dye.
Well I deſerv'd *Evadne's* ſcorn to prove,
That to Ambition ſacrific'd my Love.
Fools that conſult their Avarice or Pride!
To chuſe a Wife, Love is our nobleſt Guide. *Exit.*

Enter Aſpaſia *alone, with a Bough in her hand, full of fair Berries.*

Aſp. This happy Bough ſhall give relief,
Not to my hunger, but my grief.
In colder Regions men compoſe
Poyſon with Art, but here it grows.

How

How lovely theſe ill Berries ſhow!
And ſo did falſe *Amintor* too.
Heav'n would enſnare us--who can ſcape,
When fatal things have ſuch a ſhape?
The Birds know how to chuſe their fare,
To peck this fruit they all forbear.
Thoſe chearful Singers know not why
They ſhould make any haſte to dye:
And yet they Couple———Can they know
Love, without knowing Sorrow too?
Nothing in vain the Gods create,
This Bough was made to haſten fate.
'Twas in compaſſion of our woe,
That Nature firſt made Poyſons grow;
For hopeleſs Wretches, ſuch as I,
Kindly providing means to dye.
As Mothers do their Children keep,
She feeds us, and ſhe makes us ſleep:

The

The indiſpos'd ſhe does invite
To go to Bed before 'tis night.
Death always is to come, or paſt:
If it be ill, it cannot laſt.
Sure 'tis a thing was never known;
For when that's preſent, we are gone.
'Tis an imaginary Line,
Which does our being here confine.
Dead we ſhall be, as when unborn;
And then I knew nor Love, nor Scorn.
But ſay we are to live elſewhere,
What has the Innocent to fear?
Can I be treated worſe below,
Than here? or more unjuſtly? No!
Juſtice from hence long ſince is gone,
And reigns where I ſhall be anon.
Like Slaves redeem'd, Death ſets us free
From Paſſion, and from Injury.

The Living chain'd to Fortunes Wheel,
In Triumph led, her changes feel:
And Conquerors kept Poyſons by,
Prepar'd for her Inconſtancy.
Bays againſt Thunder might defend their Brow:
But againſt Love and Fortune here's the Bow.

Here ſhe puts ſome of the Berries to her mouth

Enter Amintor *in haſte, ſtrikes the Berries out of her hand, and ſnatches the Bough.*

Am. Raſh Maid, forbear; and lay thoſe Berries by,
Or give them him that has deſerv'd to dye.
Aſp. What double Cruelty is this? Would you
That made me wretched, keep me always ſo?
Evadne has you: let *Aſpaſia* have
The common refuge of a quiet grave.
If you have kindneſs left, there ſee me laid:
To bury decently the injur'd Maid,

Is all the favour that you can beſtow,
Or I receive---Pray render me my Bough.

Am. No leſs than you, was your *Amintor* wrong'd:
The falſe *Evadne* to the King belong'd.
You had my promiſe, and my Bed is free;
I may be yours, if you can pardon me.

Aſp. Your Vows to her were in the Temple paid,
The ſacred Altar Witneſs'd what you ſaid.

Am. The pow'rs above are to no place confin'd,
But every where hear promiſes that bind.
The Heav'n, the Air, Earth, and the boundleſs Sea,
Make but one Temple for the Deity.
That was a Witneſs to my former Vow:
None can *Amintor* juſtly claim, but you.
Who gives himſelf away the ſecond time,
Creates no title, but commits a Crime.

Aſp. I could have dy'd but once; but this believ'd,
I may (alas!) be more than once deceiv'd.

By

By what new Gods, *Amintor*, will you ſwear?

Am. By the ſame Gods, that have been ſo ſevere.
By the ſame Gods, the juſtice of whoſe Wrath
Puniſh'd the infraction of my former faith.
May every Lady an *Evadne* prove,
That ſhall divert me from *Aſpaſia*'s Love.

Aſp. If ever you ſhould prove inconſtant now,
I ſhall remember where theſe Berries grow.

Am. My Love was always conſtant; but the King,
Melantius friendſhip, and that fatal thing
Ambition, me on proud *Evadne* threw;
And made me cruel to my ſelf, and you.
But if you ſtill diſtruſt my faith, I vow
Here in your preſence I'll devour the Bough.

Aſp. Snatching the Bough from him.

Raſh Man, forbear! if not reſtrain'd by doubt,
From my ſtretcht heart my Spirits would fly out.

But for the mixture of ſome unbelief,
My Joy had been as fatal as my Grief.
The ſudden news of unexpected bliſs,
Would yet have made a Tragedy of this.
Secure of my *Amintor*, ſtill I fear
Evadne's mighty friend, the King. *Am.* He's here.

Enter the King, and his Brother, to them.

King, turning to his Brother.

How ſhall I look upon that noble Youth,
So full of Patience, Loyalty, and Truth?
The fair *Aſpaſia* I have injur'd too,
The guilty author of their double woe.
My paſſion gone, and reaſon in the Throne,
Amaz'd I ſee the miſchiefs I have done.
After a Tempeſt, when the Winds are laid,
The calm Sea wonders at the wrecks it made.
Am. Men wrong'd by Kings impute it to their fate,
And Royal kindneſs never comes too late:

So

So when Heav'n frowns, we think our anger vain;
Joyful and thankful when it ſmiles again.

Taking Aſpaſia *by the hand.*

This knot you broke, be pleas'd again to bind,
And we ſhall both forget you were unkind.

King. May you be happy, and your ſorrows paſt,
Set off thoſe Joys I wiſh may ever laſt.
But, Madam, make not that fair fruit your food:
It is the greateſt Poyſon in the Wood.

Am. She knows it, Sir; yet, had not I made haſte,
Upon theſe Berries ſhe had broke her faſt.

K. Read this. *Am. Evadne* with the Veſtals! Now
You'll have no more occaſion for this Bough.

Enter a Meſſenger from Melantius, *applying himſelf to the King.*

Meſſ. Melantius, Sir, has let the people know
How juſt you are, and how he's grac'd by you.

The Town's appeas'd, and all the air does ring
With repititions of *Long live the King*.

Luc. Sir, let us to the Sacred Temple go,
That you are safe our Joy and Thanks to shew.

King. Of all we offer to the Pow'rs above,
The sweetest Incense is fraternal Love.
Like the rich Clouds that rise from melted Gums,
It spreads it self, and the whole Isle perfumes.
For such a Brother, to th' Immortal Gods
More thanks I owe, than for the Crown of *Rhodes*.

EPI-

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by the King.

THE fierce Melantius *was content, you ſee,*
The King ſhould live; be not more fierce than he.
Too long indulgent to ſo rude a Time;
When Love was held ſo capital a Crime,
That a Crown'd Head could no compaſſion find;
But dy'd, becauſe the Killer had been kind.
Nor is't leſs ſtrange ſuch mighty Wits as thoſe
Should uſe a Style in Tragedy, like Proſe.
Well ſounding Verſe, where Princes tread the Stage,
Should ſpeak their Vertue, or deſcribe their rage.
By the lowd Trumpet, which our Courage aids,
We learn that ſound, as well as ſenſe, perſwades.

And

And Verſes are the potent charms we uſe,
Heroic Thoughts and Vertue to infuſe.
When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the Change, we ſhall be ſlain.
The innocent Aſpaſia's *Life or Death,*
Amintor's *too, depends upon your breath.*
Exceſs of Love was heretofore the cauſe;
Now if we dye, 'tis want of your applauſe.

EPILOGUE,

Deſign'd upon the firſt alteration of the Play; when the King only was left alive.

A Spaſia *bleeding on the Stage does lye,*
To ſhew you ſtill 'tis the Maids Tragedy.
The fierce Melantius, &c. as before, to
——*the Killer had been kind.*

This

This better natur'd Poet had repriev'd
Gentle Amintor *too, had he believ'd*
The fairer Sex his pardon could approve
Who to Ambition ſacrific'd his Love.
Aſpaſia *he had ſpar'd; but for her Wound,*
Neglected Love, there could no Salve be found.
When next we act this Tragedy again,
Unleſs you like the change, I muſt be ſlain.
Exceſs of Love was heretofore the Cauſe;
Now if I dye, 'tis want of your Applauſe.

Some

Some Verſes that ſeem to be part of the foregoing Play.

NO Forreſt, Cave, nor Savage Den,
Holds more pernicious Beaſts, than Men.
Vows, Oaths, and Contracts they deviſe,
And tell us they are Sacred Tyes.
And ſo they are, in our eſteem;
But empty Names deſpis'd by them.
Women with ſtudied Arts they vex:
Ye Gods, deſtroy that impious Sex!
And if there muſt be ſome t' invoke
Your Pow'rs, and make your Altars ſmoke;
Come down your ſelves, and in their place,
Get a more juſt, and nobler Race:

Su

ch as the old World did adorn,
hen Heroes, like your ſelves, were born:
t this I wiſh not for *Aſpaſia*'s ſake;
r ſhe no God would for *Amintor* take.

Epitaph on the Lady *Sidly.*

HEre lyes the learned *Savil*'s Heir,
So early wiſe, and laſting fair;
hat none, except her years they told,
hought her a Child, or thought her old.
ll that her Father knew or got,
is Art, his Wealth, fell to her Lot:
nd ſhe ſo well improv'd that Stock;
oth of his Knowledge and his Flock;
hat Wit and Fortune reconcil'd,
n her, upon each other ſmil'd.

Whilſt

Whilſt ſhe to ev'ry well taught mind
Was ſo propitiouſly inclin'd;
And gave ſuch Title to her ſtore,
That none, but th' ignorant, were poor.
The Muſes daily found ſupplys
Both from her hands, and from her eyes.
Her bounty did at once engage,
And matchleſs Beauty warm their rage.
Such was this Dame in calmer days,
Her Nations ornament and praiſe.
But, when a Storm diſturb'd our Reſt,
The Port and Refuge of th' oppreſt.
This made her fortune underſtood,
And look'd on as ſome public good.
So that, her Perſon and her State
Exempted from the common Fate,
In all our Civil Fury ſhe
Stood, like a Sacred Temple, free.

y here her Monument ſtand ſo,
credit this rude age; and ſhew
future times, that even we
me patterns did of Vertue ſee:
nd one ſublime Example had
good, among ſo many bad.

Epitaph, unfiniſhed.

GReat Soul, for whom Death will no longer ſtay,
But ſends in haſte to ſnatch our Bliſs away.
cruel Death! to thoſe you take more kind,
han to the wretched Mortals left behind!
ere Beauty, Youth and noble Vertue ſhin'd,
ee from the Clouds of Pride that ſhade the mind.
ſpired Verſe may on this Marble live,
t can no honour to thy Aſhes give.

The

The Triple Combat.

WHen thro the World fair *Mazarine* had ru
Bright as her fellow-Traveller, the Su
Hither at length the *Roman* Eagle flys,
As the laſt Triumph of her conqu'ring Eyes.
As Heir to *Julius*, ſhe may pretend
A ſecond time to make this Nation bend.
But *Portſmouth*, ſpringing from the ancient race
Of *Britains*, which the *Saxon* here did chaſe,
As they great *Cæſar* did oppoſe, makes head;
And does againſt this new Invader lead.
That goodly Nymph, the taller of the two,
Careleſs and fearleſs to the field does go.
Becoming bluſhes on the other wait,
And her young look excuſes want of height.

Beau

Beauty gives Courage; for ſhe knows the day
Muſt not be won the *Amazonian* way.
Nor does her Grace the better title want;
Our Law's indulgent to the Occupant.
Legions of Beauties to the Battel come,
For little *Britain* theſe, and thoſe for *Rome.*
Dreſt to advantage, this Illuſtrious Pair
Arriv'd, for Combat in the Liſt appear.
Venus had been an equal friend to both,
And Victory to declare her ſelf ſeems loth.
What may the fates deſign! for never yet
From diſtant Regions two ſuch Beauties met?
Over the Camp with doubtful Wings ſhe flys,
Till *Chloris* ſhining in the Field ſhe ſpys.
The lovely *Chloris* Shining well attended came,
A thouſand graces waited on the Dame.
Her matchleſs form made all the *Engliſh* glad,
And foreign Beauties leſs aſſurance had.

Yet

Yet, like the Three on *Ida*'s Top, they all
Pretend alike, conteſting for the Ball.
Which to determine Love himſelf declin'd,
Leſt the neglected ſhould become leſs kind.
Such killing looks! ſo thick the Arrows fly!
That 'tis unſafe to be a ſtander by.
Poets approaching to deſcribe the fight,
Are by their wounds inſtructed how to write.
They, with leſs hazard, might look on and draw
The ruder Combats in *Alſatia*.
And with that Foil of violence and rage
Set off the ſplendour of the Golden Age:
Where Love gives Law, Beauty the Scepter ſways,
And uncompell'd, the happy World obeys.

To

To Mr. *Killegrew*, upon his altering his Play *Pandora*, from a Tragedy into a Comedy, becauſe not approv'd on the Stage.

SIR, you ſhould rather teach our Age the way
Of Judging well, than thus have chang'd your (Play.
You had oblig'd us by employing Wit,
Not to Reform *Pandora*, but the Pit.
For as the Nightingale, without the Throng
Of other Birds, alone attends her Song:
While the lowd Daw, his Throat diſplaying, draws
The whole aſſembly of his fellow-Daws.
So muſt the Writer, whoſe productions ſhould
Take with the Vulgar, be of vulgar mould:

Whilſt nobler fancies make a flight too high
For common view, and leſſen as they fly.

Some Verſes belonging to a Copy in the Firſt Part of his Poems, entitled, *Upon a War with* Spain, *and a Fight at Sea* : The Cloſe of it was Originally thus.

WIth theſe returns Victorious *Mountagu*,
With Lawrels in his hand, and half *Peru*.
Let the brave Generals divide that Bough,
Our great Protector hath ſuch Wreaths enough.
His conquering Head has no more room for Bays:
Then let it be, as the glad Nation prays.
Let the rich Ore forthwith be melted down,
And the State fix'd by making him a Crown.

With

With Ermin clad and Purple, let him hold
A Royal Scepter, made of *Spaniſh* Gold.

On the Picture of a fair Youth, taken after he was dead.

This Copy is Printed Imperfectly in the firſt part of his Poems.

AS gather'd Flowers, whilſt their wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the ſtalk they grew;
Torn from the Root that nouriſh'd 'em, a while,
Not taking notice of their fate, they ſmile;
And in the hand, which rudely pluckt 'em, ſhow
Fairer than thoſe that to their Autumn grow:
So love and Beauty ſtill that viſage grace,
Death cannot fright 'em from their wonted place;

Alive the hand of crooked Age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely features, which cold Death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then he ſped in Love ſo well,
When his high paſſion he had breath to tell,
When that accompliſh'd Soul in this fair frame,
No buſineſs had but to perſwade that Dame:
Whoſe mutual Love advanc'd the Youth ſo high,
That, but to Heav'n, he could no higher fly.

Long and Short Life.

CIrcles are prais'd, not that abound
In largeneſs, but th' exactly round.
So Life we praiſe, that does excel
Not in much time, but acting well.

Pro-

Prologue to the Lady Actors.

AMaze us not with that Majeſtic Frown,
But lay aſide the greatneſs of your Crown.
For your diverſion here we act in Jeſt;
But when we act our ſelves, we do our beſt.
You have a Look, which does your people awe,
When in your Throne and Robes you give 'em Law.
Lay it by here, and give a gentler ſmile;
Such as we ſee great *Joves* in Picture, while
He liſtens to *Apollo*'s charming Lyre,
Or judges of the Songs he does inſpire.
Comedians on the Stage ſhew all their skill,
And after do as Love and Fortune will.
We are leſs careful, hid in this diſguiſe;
In our own Clothes more ſerious, and more wiſe.

Modeſt at home, upon the Stage more bold,
We feign warm Lovers, tho our Breaſts be cold.
A fault committed here deſerves no ſcorn,
If we act well the parts, to which we're born.

To Mr. *Creech*, on his Tranſlation of *Lucretius*.

WHat all men wiſht, tho few cou'd hope to ſee,
We are now bleſt with, and oblig'd by Thee.
Thou from the ancient Learned *Latin* ſtore,
Giv'ſt us one Author, and we hope for more.
May they enjoy thy Thoughts---Let not the Stage
The Idl'ſt Moment of thy hours engage.
Each year that place ſome wondrous Monſter breeds,
And the Wits Garden is o're-run with Weeds.

There

There Farce is Comedy, Bombaſt call'd Strong;
Soft words, with nothing in 'em, make a Song.
'Tis hard to ſay they ſteal 'em now adays,
For ſure the Ancients never wrote ſuch Plays.
Theſe ſcribbling Inſects have what they deſerve,
Not Plenty, nor the Glory for to ſtarve.
That *Spencer* knew, That *Taſſo* felt before,
And Death found ſurly *Ben* exceeding poor.
Heaven turn the Omen from their Image here,
May he with Joy the well-plac'd Lawrel wear:
Great *Virgil*'s happier fortune may he find,
And be our *Cæſar*, like *Auguſtus*, kind.

But let not this diſturb thy tuneful head,
Thou writ'ſt for thy Delight, and not for Bread;
Thou art not curſt to write thy Verſe with care,
But art above what other Poets fear.
What may we not expect from ſuch a hand,
That has, with Books, Himſelf at free Command?

Thou know'ſt in Youth what Age has ſought in vain
And bring'ſt forth Sons without a Mothers Pain:
So eaſie is thy Senſe, thy Verſe ſo ſweet,
Thy Words ſo proper, and thy Phraſe ſo fit,
We read, and read again, and ſtill admire
Whence came this Youth, and whence this wondrous Fire

Pardon this Rapture, *Sir*; but who can be
Cold and unmov'd, yet have his thoughts on thee?
Thy Goodneſs may my ſeveral faults forgive,
And by your help theſe wretched lines may live:
But if when view'd by your ſeverer ſight,
They ſeem unworthy to behold the Light,
Let them with ſpeed in deſerv'd flames be thrown,
They'll ſend no ſighs, nor murmur out a groan,
But dying ſilently your Juſtice own.

On the D. of *Monmouth*'s Expedition into *Scotland*, in the Summer Solſtice, 1678.

SWift as *Joves* Meſſenger, the Winged God,
With Sword as Potent as his Charming Rod,
He flew to Execute the Kings Command,
And in a moment reach'd that *Northern* Land;
Where Day conteſting with approaching Night,
Aſſiſts the Heroe with continu'd Light.
On Foes ſurpriz'd, and by no Night conceal'd,
He might have ruſh'd; but Noble Pity held
His Hand a while, and to their choice gave ſpace,
Which they would prove, his Valour, or his Grace.
This not well heard, his Cannon louder ſpoke,
And then, like Lightning, thro that Cloud he broke;

His

His Fame, his Conduct, and that Martial Look,
The guilty *Scotch* with such a Terror strook,
That to his Courage they resign the Field,
Who to his Bounty had refus'd to yield:
Glad that so little Loyal Blood it cost,
He grieves so many *Britains* should be lost;
Taking more Pains, when he beheld them yield,
To save the Fliers, than to win the Field.
And at the Court his Interest did employ,
That none, who scap'd his fatal Sword, should dy

And now these rash bold Men their Error find,
Not trusting one beyond his Promise kind;
One whose great Mind, so bountiful and brave,
Had learnt the Arts to Conquer and to Save.

In Vulgar Breasts no Royal Vertues dwell,
Such deeds as these his high Extraction tell;
And gives a secret Joy to him who Reigns,
To see his Blood Triumph in *Monmouth*'s Veins:

T

To ſee a Leader, whom he got and choſe,
Firm to his Friends, and fatal to his Foes.
But ſeeing Envy, like the Sun, does beat
With ſcorching Rayes, on all that's high and great;
This, ill requited *Monmouth*, is the Bough
The Muſes ſend to ſhade thy Conqu'ring Brow.
Lampoons, like Squibs, may make a preſent blaze,
But Time and Thunder pay reſpect to Bays.
Cover'd with Duſt at one another thrown,
How can the luſtre of their Wit be ſhown?
Achilles Arms dazles our preſent view,
Kept by the Muſe as radiant and as new,
As from the Forge of *Vulcan* firſt they came;
Thouſands of years are paſt, and they the ſame:
Such care ſhe takes, to pay deſert with Fame.
Then which no Monarch, for his Crowns defence,
Knows how to give a Nobler Recompence.

Pride.

Pride.

NOT the brave *Macedonian* Youth alone,
But baſe *Caligula*, when on the Throne,
Boundleſs in Pow'r, would make himſelf a God;
As if the World depended on his Nod.
The *Syrian* King to Beaſts was headlong thrown
E're to himſelf he could be mortal known.
The meaneſt wretch, if Heav'n ſhould give him Li
Would never ſtop, till he were thought divine.
All might within diſcern the Serpents pride,
If from our ſelves nothing our ſelves did hide.
Let the proud Peacock his gay feathers ſpread,
And wooe the Female to his painted Bed.
Let Winds and Seas together rage and ſwell,
This Nature teaches, and becomes 'em well.

ide was not made for Man: a conſcious ſenſe
f Guilt, and Folly, and their conſequence
eſtroys the claim; and to beholders tells,
ere nothing, but the ſhape of manhood, dwells.

---

f Tea, commended by Her Majeſty.

Venus her Myrtle, *Phœbus* has his Bays;
Tea both excels, which ſhe vouchſafes to praiſe.
he beſt of Queens, and beſt of Herbs we owe,
o that bold Nation, which the way did ſhew
o the fair Region, where the Sun does riſe;
hoſe rich Productions we ſo juſtly prize.
he Muſes Friend, Tea, does our fancy aid;
preſs thoſe Vapours, which the head invade:
nd keeps that Palace of The Soul ſerene,
on her Birth-day to ſalute the Queen.

Panegyrick

Panegyrick upon *O. Cromwell.*

WHile with a ſtrong, and yet a gentle hand
You bridle Faction,& our Hearts comma
Protect us from our ſelves, and from our foe,
Make us Unite, and make us Conquer too;
Let partial Spirits ſtill aloud complain,
Think themſelves injur'd that they cannot Reig
And own no Liberty but when they may
Without Controul upon their fellows prey.
Above the waves as *Neptune* ſhow'd his face,
To chide the Winds, and ſave the *Trojan* Race;
So has your Highneſs, rais'd above the reſt,
Storms of Ambition toſſing us, repreſt:
Your Drooping Country, torn with Civil Hate,
Reſtor'd by you, is made a Glorious State:

he Seat of Empire, where the *Iriſh* come,
nd the unwilling *Scot*, to fetch their doom;
he Sea's our own, and now all Nations greet,
ith bending Sails each Veſſel of our Fleet:
our Power extends as far as Winds can blow,
ſwelling Sails upon the Globe may go:
eaven, that has plac'd this Iſland to give Law,
Ballance *Europe*, and Her States to awe;
this Conjunction does on *Britain* ſmile,
e greateſt Leader; and the greateſt Iſle.
hether this Portion of the World were Rent
the Rude Ocean from the Continent;
thus Created; ſure it was deſign'd
be the Sacred Refuge of Mankind:
ther the Oppreſs'd ſhall henceforth Reſort
ice to Crave, and Succour at the Court:
d then your Highneſs, not for ours alone,
for the Worlds Protector ſhall be known.

Fame,

Fame, ſwifter than your Winged Navy flies,
Through every Land that near the Ocean lyes,
Sounding your Name, and telling dreadful News,
To all that Piracy and Rapine uſe.
With ſuch a Chief the meaneſt Nation bleſt,
Might hope to lift her Head above the reſt:
What may be thought Impoſſible to do,
For us Embraced by the Sea and you.
Lords of the Worlds great waſte, the *Ocean*, we
Whole Forreſts ſend to Reign upon the Sea:
And every Coaſt may Trouble or Relieve;
But none can Viſit us without your leave;
Angels and we have this Prerogative,
That none can at our Happy ſeat arrive,
While we Defend, at Pleaſure to Invade
The Bad with Vengeance, and the Good to Aid:
Our little World, the Image of the Great,
Like that amidſt the Ambient Ocean's ſet-

f her own growth hath all that Nature craves,
nd all that's rare, as Tribute from the Waves;
s *Egypt* does not on the Clouds rely,
ut to her *Nile* owes more than to the Sky;
o whatſoe're our Earth and Heav'n denies,
ur ever conſtant Friend the Sea ſupplies:
he taſte of Hot *Arabia*'s Spice we know,
ree from the ſcorching Sun that makes it grow.
ithout the heat in *Perſian* Silk we ſhine;
nd without Planting, drink of every Vine.
o dig for Wealth we weary not our Limbs,
old, tho the heavieſt Mettal, hither ſwims;
urs is the Harveſt, where the *Indians* mow,
e plow the Deep, and reap what others ſow:
hings of the nobleſt kind our own ſoil breeds,
out are our Men, and Warlike are our Steeds.
me, tho her Eagle through the World has flown
ould never make this Iſland all her own:

Here the Third *Edward*, and the *Black Prince* too,
France Conquering, *Henry* flouriſht, and now you
For whom we ſtay'd, as did the *Grecian* State,
Till *Alexander* came to urge their Fate;
When for more Worlds the *Macedonian* cry'd,
He wiſt not *Thetis* in her Lap did hide
Another yet, a World reſerv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did ſubdue;
He ſafely might old Troops to Battel lead,
Againſt the unwarlike *Perſian* and the *Mede*;
Whoſe haſty flight did from a bloodleſs Field,
More Spoyl than Honour to the Victor yield.
A Race unconquer'd, by their Clime made bold,
The *Caledonians* Arm'd with want and cold,
Have by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all Ages kept for you to tame;
Whom the old *Roman* Wall ſo ill confin'd,
With a new Chain of Garriſons you bind:

Her

Here foreign Gold no more ſhall make them come,
Our *Engliſh* Iron holds them faſt at home:
They that henceforth muſt be content to know
No warmer Region than their Hills of Snow;
May blame the Sun, but muſt extol your Grace,
Which in our Senate hath allow'd them place:
Preferr'd by Conqueſt, happily o'rethrown,
Falling they Riſe, to be with us made one:
So kind *Dictators* made, when they came home,
Their vanquiſht Foes, Free Citizens of *Rome*;
Like favour find the *Iriſh*, with like fate,
Advanced to be a Portion of our State.
Whilſt by your Valour, and obliging mind,
Nations divided by the Sea are joyn'd:
Holland to gain our friendſhip is content
To be our Out-guard on the Continent;
She from her fellow Provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her Foe;

In our late fight, when Cannons did diffuſe
(Preventing Poſts) the Terror and the News,
Our Neighbours they did tremble at the roar,
But our Conjunction makes them Tremble more.
Your never failing Sword made War to ceaſe,
And now you heal us with the Arts of Peace,
Our minds with Bounty and with Awe Engage,
Invite Affection, and reſtrain our Rage;
Leſs Pleaſure take brave Minds in Battels won,
Than in Reſtoring ſuch as are undone:
Tygers have Courage, and the Rugged Bear,
But Man alone can when he Conquers ſpare;
To Pardon willing, and to Puniſh loth,
You ſtrike with one Hand, but you heal with both
Lifting up all that Proſtrate lye, you grieve
You cannot make the Dead again to Live.
When Fate or Error had our Rage miſled,
And o're theſe Nations ſuch Confuſion ſpread,

The only Cure which could from Heav'n come down,
Was ſo much Power, and Clemency in One;
One whoſe Extraction from a Noble Line,
Gives hopes again that Well-born Men may ſhine,
The meaneſt in your Nature, Mild and Good,
The Nobleſt Reſt ſecured in your Blood.
Much have we wondered how you hid in Peace,
A Mind proportion'd to ſuch things as theſe,
How ſuch a Ruling Spirit you could Reſtrain,
And Practice firſt over your ſelf to Reign;
Your Private Life did a juſt Pattern give,
How Fathers, Husbands, Pious Men ſhould live;
Born to Command, your Princely Vertue ſlept,
Like Humble *David*, whilſt the flock he kept;
But when your troubled Country call'd you forth,
Your flaming Courage and your matchleſs worth,
Dazzling the Eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce Contention gave a proſperous end:

Still as you rise the State exalted too,
Finds no distemper whilst 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the worlds great Scene, when without noise
The Rising Sun, Nights vulgar light destroys:
Had you some Ages past this Race of Glory
Run, with amazement we should read the Story;
But living Vertue (all Atchievements past)
Meets Envy still to grapple with at last:
This *Cæsar* found, and that ungrateful Age,
Which losing him, fell back to Blood aud Rage;
Mistaken *Brutus* thought to break their yoke,
But cut the Bond of Union with that stroke;
That Sun once Set, a thousand meaner Stars,
Gave a Dim light to Violence and Wars:
'Twas such a Tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your Mighty Arm prevent the fall.
If *Rome's* Great Senate could not weild the Sword,
Which of the Conquer'd World had made them Lord;

What

What hope had ours, whilſt yet your Power was new
To Rule Victorious Armies but by you?
You that had taught them to ſubdue their Foes,
Could order, teach, and their high Spirits Compoſe.
To ev'ry Duty could their Minds engage,
Provoke their Courage, and command their Rage:
So when a Lyon ſhakes his dreadful Main,
And angry grows, if he that firſt took pain,
To tame his Youth approach the haughty Beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.
Then let the Muſes, with ſuch Notes as theſe,
Inſtruct us what belongs unto our Peace;
Your Battels they herea fter ſhall Endite,
And draw the Image of our *Mars* in Fight,
Tell of Towns Storm'd, of Armies over-run,
And Mighty Kingdoms by your Conqueſt won;
How while you thundred, Clouds of duſt did choak,
Contending Troops, and Seas lay hid in ſmoke:

Illuſtrious Acts high Raptures do Infuſe,
And ev'ry Conqueror Creates a Muſe:
Here in low ſtrains your milder Deeds we Sing,
But then (my Lord) we'll Bays and Olive bring,
To Crown your Head, while you in Triumph Ride
O're Nations Conquer'd, and the Sea beſide;
While all the Neighbour Princes unto you,
Like *Joſeph's* Sheaves, pay Reverence and bow.

Upon the late Storm, and Death of the late Uſurper *O. C.*

WE muſt reſign, Heav'n his great Soul does claim
In Storms as loud as his Immortal Fame:
His dying Groans, his laſt breath ſhakes our Iſle,
And Trees uncut fall for his Funeral Pile.

About his Palace their broad Roots are toſt
Into the Air: So *Romulus* was loſt.
New *Rome* in ſuch a Tempeſt miſt their King,
And from obeying fell to Worſhipping.
On *Oeta's* top thus *Hercules* lay Dead,
With ruin'd Oaks and Pines about him ſpread:
The Poplar too, whoſe bough he wont to wear
On his Victorious Head, lay proſtrate there.
Thoſe his laſt Fury from the Mountain rent;
Our Dying Hero, from the Continent,
Raviſh'd whole Towns, and Forts from *Spaniards* reft,
As his laſt Legacy to *Britain* left:
The Ocean which ſo long our hopes confin'd,
Could give no limits to his vaſter mind:
Our bounds enlargement was his lateſt toil,
Nor hath he left us Priſoners to our Iſle.
Under the Tropick is our Language ſpoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receiv'd our Yoke.

From

From Civil Broils, he did us diſingage,
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage:
And with wiſe Conduct to his Country ſhow'd,
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad:
Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too:
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to ſee
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free:
Nature her ſelf, took notice of his Death,
And ſighing, ſwell'd the Sea with ſuch a breath,
That to remoteſt Shores her Billows rowl'd,
Th' approaching Fate of her great Ruler told.

To

To *Chloris.*

The two following Copies are in the Edition Printed 1645.

CHloris, what's eminent we know,
Muſt for ſome cauſe be valued ſo;
Things without uſe, tho they be good,
Are not by us ſo underſtood.
The early Roſe made to diſplay
Her bluſhes to the youthful *May*,
Doth yield her ſweets, ſince he is fair,
And Courts her with a gentle Ayre.
Our Stars do ſhew their Excellence,
Not by their Light, but Influence;

When

From Civil Broils, he did us disingage,
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage:
And with wise Conduct to his Country show'd,
Their ancient way of Conquering abroad:
Ungrateful then, if we no tears allow
To him, that gave us Peace and Empire too:
Princes that fear'd him, griev'd, concern'd to see
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free:
Nature her self, took notice of his Death,
And sighing, swell'd the Sea with such a breath,
That to remotest Shores her Billows rowl'd,
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When

When brighter Comets, ſince ſtill known
Fatal to all, are lik'd by none:
So your admired Beauty ſtill,
Is by effects made good or ill.

Madam,

AS in ſome Climes, the warmer Sun
Makes it full Summer e're the Spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before the Violets dare look abroad:
So meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early love your brighter eyes produce.
When lately your fair hand, in Womans weed,
Wrapt my glad head, I wiſh'd me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favours you afford me now;
That I might ever ſuch Indulgence find,
And you not bluſh, or think your ſelf too kind.

Who

Who now I fear while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs:
The ſound of Love makes your ſoft Heart affraid,
And guard it ſelf, though but a Child invade;
And innocently at your white Breaſt throw
A Dart as white, a Ball of new faln Snow.

An Epigram
On a Painted Lady with ill Teeth.

WEre Men ſo dull they could not ſee
That *Lyce* Painted, ſhould they flee
Like ſimple Birds into a Net,
So groſly woven and ill ſet;
Her own Teeth would undo the knot,
And let all go that ſhe had got.

Thoſe

Thoſe Teeth fair *Lyce* muſt not ſhow,
If ſhe would bite: her Lovers, though
Like Birds they ſtoop at ſeeming Grapes,
Are diſabus'd, when firſt ſhe gapes;
The rotten bones diſcover'd there,
Show 'tis a Painted Sepulcher.

To my Lady---

MADAM,

Our Commands for the gathering of theſe ſticks into a Faggot, had ſooner been obeyed, but intending to preſent you with my whole Vintage: I ſtayed till the lateſt Grapes were ripe, for here your Ladiſhip hath not only all I have done, but all I ever mean to do in this kind: Not but that I may defend the attempt I have made upon Poetry, by the examples (not to trouble you with Hiſtory) of many Wiſe, and Worthy Perſons of our own times: As Sir Philip Sidney, *Sir* Fra. Bacon, *Cardinal* Perron, *the ableſt of his Country-men; and the former Pope, who*

who they ſay, inſtead of the triple Crown, wore ſometimes the Poets Ivy, as an Ornament, perhaps, of leſſer weight and trouble. But, Madam, theſe Nightingals ſing only in the Spring, it was the diverſion of their Youth. As Ladies learn to Sing and Play when they are Children, what they forget when they are Women. The reſemblance holds further, for as you quit the Lute the ſooner, becauſe the poſture is ſuſpected to draw the body awry, ſo this is not always practiſed without ſome Villany to the mind, wreſting it from preſent occaſions, and accuſtoming us to a Still ſomewhat removed from common uſe. But that you may not think his caſe deplorable, who had made Verſes, we are told, that Tully *(the greateſt Wit among the* Romans*) was once ſick of this Diſeaſe, and yet recover'd ſo well, that of almoſt as bad a Poet as your Servant, he became the moſt perfect Orator in the World. So that not ſo much to have made Verſes, as not to*

give

ive over in time, leaves a man without
xcuſe; the former preſenting us with an
pportunity, at leaſt, of doing Wiſely; that
, to conceal thoſe we have made; which I
ſhall yet do, if my humble requeſt may be of
s much force with your Ladiſhip, as your
ommands have been with me: Madam, I
nly whiſper theſe in your ears; if you pub-
ſh them, they are your own, and therefore
s you apprehend the reproach of a Wit, and
Poet, caſt them into the fire; or if they
ome where green Boughs are in the Chim-
ey, with the help of your fair Friends,
(for thus bound, it will be too hard a task
r your hands alone) to tear them in pieces;
herein you ſhall honour me with the fate of
Orpheus, *for ſo his Poems, whereof we only*
hear the form (not his limbs as the Story
will have it) I ſuppoſe were ſcattered by the
Thracian *Dames. Here, Madam, I might*
take an opportunity to Celebrate your Vertues,
nd to inſtruct you how Unhappy you are, in

that you know not who you are; how much you excel the moſt excellent of your own And how much you amaze the leaſt inclined to wonder of your Sex. But as they will be apt to take your Ladiſhip for a Roman *Name, ſo would they believe that I endeavoured the Character of a perfect Nymph Worſhipp'd an Image of my own making, and Dedicated this to the Lady of the Brain, not of the Heart of your Ladiſhips moſt humble Servant*

E. W

Mr. Wallers *Speech in Parliament,* 1641. *about Innovations in Doctrine and Diſcipline,* &c.

WE ſhall make it appear, the Errors of Divines, who would that a Monarch can be abſolute, and that he can do all things *ad libitum*; receding not only from their Text, (though that be wandring too) but from the way their own Profeſſion might teach them. *Stare ſuper vias antiquas*, and remove not the ancient bounds and Landmarks which our Fathers have ſet.

If to be Abſolute, were to be reſtrained by no Laws, then can no King in *Chriſtendom* be ſo, for they all ſtand obliged to the Laws Chriſtian, and we ask no more;

for to this Pillar be our Priviledges fixt, our Kings, at their *Coronation*, having taken a Sacred Oath not to Infringe them. I am ſorry theſe men take no more care, for the informing of our Faith of theſe things, which they tell us for our Souls Health, whilſt we know them ſo manifeſtly in the wrong way, in that which concerns the Liberties and Priviledges of the Subjects of *England*.

They gain Preferment, and then it is no matter, though they neither believe themſelves, nor are believed by others; but ſince they are ſo ready to let looſe the Conſcience of our Kings, we are the more carefully to proceed for our Protection againſt this Pulpit-Law, by declaring, and reinforcing, Municipal Laws of this Kingdom.

It is worthy the Obſervation, how new this Opinion, or rather this way of Riſing, is even amongſt themſelves.

For

For (Mr. *Speaker*) Mr. *Hooker*, who was no Refractory man (as they term it) thinks that the firſt Government was Arbitrary, until it was found, that to live by one mans Will, becomes all mens Miſery; theſe are his Words, and that theſe were the Original of inventing Laws.

And (Mr. *Speaker*) if we look farther back, our Hiſtories will tell us, that the Prelates of this Kingdom, have often been the Mediators between the King and his Subjects, to preſent and pray redreſs of their grievances, and had reciprocally then, as much love and reverence from the People.

But theſe Preachers, more active than their Predeceſſors, and wiſer than the Laws, have found out a better form of Government.

The King muſt be a more Abſolute Monarch than any of his Predeceſſors, and to them he muſt owe it, though in

the mean time they hazard the hearts of his People, and involve him into a thouſand Difficulties.

For, ſuppoſe this form of Government were inconvenient; (Mr. *Speaker*) this is but a Suppoſition; for this five hundred years, it hath not only maintained us in ſafety, but made us Victorious over other Nations. But ſuppoſe this form of Government were inconvenient, and they have another *Idea* of one more convenient, we all know how dangerous Innovations are, though to the better, and what hazards thoſe Princes run, that enterprize the change of a long Eſtabliſhed Government.

Now (Mr. *Speaker*) of all our Kings that have gone before, and of all that are to ſucceed in this Happy Race, why ſhould ſo Pious, and ſo Good a King, be expoſed to this trouble and hazard? Beſides, that King ſo diverted, can never do any great matters abroad. But

But (Mr. *Speaker*) whilſt theſe men have thus bent their Wits againſt the Law of their Country, have they not neglected their own Profeſſion? What Tares are grown up in the Field which they ſhould have Tilled? I leave it to a ſecond conſideration, not but Religion be the firſt thing in our purpoſes and deſires: But that which is firſt in Dignity, is not always to preceed in order of time, for well-being ſuppoſes a being; and the firſt impediment which men naturally endeavour to remove, is the want of thoſe things; without which they cannot ſubſiſt. God firſt aſſigned unto *Adam* maintenance of life, and added to him a title to the reſt of the Creatures, before he appointed a Law to obſerve.

And let me tell you, that if our Adverſaries have any ſuch deſign, as there is nothing more eaſie, than to impoſe Religion on a People deprived of their

Liberties, ſo there is nothing more hard than to do the ſame upon Freemen.

And therefore (Mr. *Speaker*) I conclude with this motion, that there may be an Order preſently made, that the firſt thing this Houſe goes about, ſhall be the reſtoring of this Nation in general, to the Fundamental and Vital Liberties, the Proſperity of our Goods, and Freedom of our Perſons; and then we will forthwith conſider of the ſupply deſired.

And thus ſhall we diſcharge the Truſt repoſed in us, by thoſe that ſent us hither: And His Majeſty ſhall ſee, that we will make more than ordinary haſte to ſatisfie *His Demands*; and we ſhall let all thoſe know that ſeek to haſten the matter of Supply, that they will ſo far delay it, as they give no interruption to the former.

Mr.

Mr. Waller's *Speech in Parliament, at a Conference of both Houſes in the Painted Chamber,* July 6. 1641.

MY LORDS,

I Am commanded by the Houſe of Commons, to preſent you with theſe Articles againſt Mr. Juſtice *Crawley*, which when your Lordſhips ſhall have been pleaſed to hear read, I ſhall take leave (according to cuſtom) to ſay ſomething of what I have collected from the ſenſe of that Houſe, concerning the Crimes therein contained.

Here the Charge was read, containing his extrajudicial Opinions ſubſcribed, and judgment given for Ship-money; and afterward, a Declaration in his charge at an Aſſize, That Ship-money was ſo Inherent a Right in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of a Parliament to take it away.

MY LORDS, Not only my Wants, but my Affections render me leſs fit for this Imployment; for though it has not been my happineſs to have the Law a part of my breeding, there is no Man honours that Profeſſion more, or has a greater reverence towards the Grave Judges, the Oracles thereof. Out of Parliament, all our Courts of Juſtice are governed or directed by them; and when a Parliament is call'd, if your Lordſhips were not aſſiſted by them, and the Houſe of Commons by other Gentlemen of that Robe, experience tells us, it might run a hazard of being ſtiled *Parliamentum indoctorum.* But as all Profeſſions are obnoxious to the malice of the Profeſſors, and by them moſt eaſily betrayed, ſo (my Lords) theſe Articles have told you how theſe Brothers of the Coyf are become *fratres in malo*; how theſe Sons of the Law have torn out the Bowels of their Mother. But this Judge (whoſe charge you laſt heard) in one expreſſion of his, excels no leſs his Fellows, than they have done the worſt of their Predeceſſors, in this Conſpiracy againſt the Commonwealth. Of the Judgment for Ship-money, and thoſe extrajudicial Opinions preceding the ſame (wherein they are jointly concern'd) you have already heard, how unjuſt and pernicious a proceeding that was in ſo public a Cauſe, has been ſufficiently expreſs'd to your Lordſhips; but this man, adding deſpair to our miſery, tells us from the Bench, that Ship-money

wa

was a Right ſo inherent in the Crown, that it would not be in the power of an Act of Parliament to take it away. Herein (my Lords) he did not only give as deep a wound to the Commonwealth as any of the reſt, but dipt his Dart in ſuch a Poyſon, that ſo far as in him lay, it might never receive a Cure. As by thoſe abortive Opinions, ſubſcribing to the Subverſion of our Propriety, before he heard what could be ſaid for it, he prevented his own, ſo by this Declaration of his, he endeavours to prevent the Judgment of your Lordſhips too, and to confine the power of a Parliament, the only place where this miſchief might be redreſs'd: Sure he is more Wiſe and Learned, than to believe himſelf in his Opinion, or not to know how ridiculous it would appear to a Parliament, and how dangerous to himſelf; and therefore, no doubt but by ſaying no Parliament could aboliſh this Judgment, his meaning was, that this Judgment had aboliſh'd Parliaments.

This Impoſition of Ship-money ſpringing from a pretended Neceſſity, was it not enough that it was now grown Annual, but he muſt entail it upon the State for ever, at once making Neceſſity inherent to the Crown, and Slavery to the Subject? Neceſſity, which diſſolving all Law, is ſo much more prejudicial to His Majeſty than to any of us, by how much the Law has inveſted his Royal State with a greater power, and ampler fortune; for ſo undoubt-

undoubted a truth it has ever been, that Kings as well as Subjects, are involv'd in the confuſion which Neceſſity produces, that the Heathen thought their Gods alſo obliged by the ſame, *Pareamus neceſſitati quam nec homines nec dii ſuperant*: This Judge then having in his charge, at the Aſſize, declar'd the diſſolution of the Law, by this ſuppos'd Neceſſity, with what Conſcience could he at the ſame Aſſize, proceed to condemn and puniſh men, unleſs perhaps he meant the Law was ſtill in force for our Deſtruction, and not for our Preſervation, that it ſhould have power to kill, but none to protect us; a thing no leſs horrid, than if the Sun ſhould burn without lighting us, or the Earth ſerve only to bury, and not to feed and nouriſh us. But (my Lords) to demonſtrate that this was a ſuppoſititious impos'd neceſſity, and ſuch as they could remove when they pleas'd; at the laſt Convention in Parliament, a price was ſet upon it, *for twelve Subſidies you ſhall reverſe this Sentence*: It may be ſaid that ſo much money would have removed the preſent Neceſſity, but here was a Rate ſet upon future Neceſſity; *for twelve Subſidies you ſhall never ſuffer neceſſity again, you ſhall for ever aboliſh that Judgment*. Here this Myſtery is revealed, this Vizor of Neceſſity is pull'd off, and now it appears, that this Parliament of Judges had very frankly and bountifully preſented His Majeſty with twelve Subſidies, to be levied on your Lordſhips, and the Commons.

Certainly,

Certainly, there is no Priviledge which more properly belongs to a Parliament, than to open the Purſe of the Subject, and yet theſe Judges, who are neither capable of ſitting among us in the Houſe of Commons, nor with your Lordſhips, otherwiſe than your Aſſiſtants, have not only aſſum'd to themſelves this priviledge of Parliament, but preſum'd at once to make a preſent to the Crown, of all that either your Lordſhips, or the Commons of *England* do, or ſhall hereafter poſſeſs.

And becauſe this man has had the boldneſs to put the power of Parliament in ballance with the opinion of the Judges, I ſhall intreat your Lordſhips to obſerve by way of compariſon, the ſolemn and ſafe proceeding of the one, with the precipitate diſpatch of the other. In Parliament (as your Lordſhips know well) no new Law can paſs, or old be abrogated, till it has been thrice read with your Lordſhips, thrice in the Commous Houſe, and then it receives the Royal Aſſent; ſo that 'tis like Gold ſeven times purified: Whereas, theſe Judges by this one reſolution of theirs, would perſwade His Majeſty, that by naming *Neceſſity*, he might at once diſſolve (at leaſt ſuſpend) the great Charter 32 times confirm'd by his Royal Progenitors, the Petition of Right, and all other Laws provided for the maintenance of the Right and Propriety of the Subject; a ſtrange force (my Lords) in the ſound of this word *Neceſſity*, that like a Charm it ſhould ſilence the Laws,

Laws, while we are diſpoyl'd of all we have, ſ
that but a part of our goods was taken is owing
the grace and goodneſs of the King, for ſo much
concerns theſe Judges, we have no more left th
they perhaps may deſerve to have, when your Lor
ſhips ſhall have paſſed Judgment upon them: Th
for the neglect of their Oaths, and betraying th
publick truſt, which for the conſervation of ou
Laws was repoſed in them.

Now for the cruelty and unmercifulneſs of th
judgment, you may pleaſe to remember that in th
old Law they were forbid to ſeeth a Kid in his Mo
thers milk; of which the received interpretation i
that we ſhould not uſe that to the deſtruction of an
creature, which was intended for its preſervation
Now (my Lords) God and Nature has given u
the Sea as our beſt Guard againſt our Enemies, an
our Ships as our greateſt glory above other Nations
and how barbarouſly would theſe Men have let in
the Sea upon us, at once to waſh away our Liber
ties, and to overwhelm, if not our Land, all the
propriety we have therein, making the ſupply o
our Navy, a pretence for the ruine of our Nation;
for obſerve I beſeech you the fruit and conſequence
of this judgment, how this Money has proſpered,
how contrary an effect it has had to the end, for
which they pretended to take it: On every County
a Ship is annually impos'd, and who would not
expect, but our Seas by this time ſhould be covered
with

with the number of our Ships? Alas (my Lords) the daily complaints of the decay of our Navy tell us how ill Ship-Money has maintained the Soveraignty of the Sea; and by the many Petitions which we receive from the Wives of thoſe miſerable Captives at *Algier*, (being between four or five thouſand of our County-Men) it does too evidently appear that to make us Slaves at home, is not the way to keep us from being made Slaves abroad; ſo far has this judgment been from relieving the preſent, or preventing the future neceſſity, that as it changed our real Propriety into the ſhadow of a Propriety, ſo of a feigned it has made a Real neceſſity.

A little before the approach of the *Gaules* to *Rome*, while the *Romans* had yet no apprehenſion of that danger, there was heard a voice in the Air, lowder then ordinary, *The Gaules are come*, which voice after they had Sack'd the City, and Beſieged the Capitol, was held ſo ominous, that *Livie* relates it as a Prodigy; This Anticipiation of neceſſity ſeems to have been no leſs ominous to us: Theſe Judges like ill boding Birds have call'd neceſſity upon the State in a time when I dare ſay they thought themſelves in greateſt ſecurity; but if it ſeem Superſtitious to take this as an Omen, ſure I am, we may look on it as a cauſe of the unfeigned neceſſity we now ſuffer, for what regret and diſcontent had this judgment bred among us? And as when the Noiſe and Tumult in a private Houſe grows ſo loud as

to

to be heard into the Streets, it calls in the next dwellers either kindly to appeaſe, or to make their own uſe of domeſtick ſtrife; ſo in all likelihood our known diſcontents at home have been a concurrent cauſe to Invite our Neighbours to viſit us, ſo much to the expence and trouble of both theſe Kingdoms.

And here, My Lords, I cannot but take notice of the moſt ſad effect of this oppreſſion, the ill influence it has had upon the Antient Reputation and Valour of of the *Engliſh Nation*: And no wonder, for if it be true that oppreſſion makes a Wiſe Man Mad, it may well ſuſpend the Courage of the Valiant: The ſame happened to the *Romans*, when for renown in Arms they moſt excell'd the reſt of the World; the ſtory is but ſhort, 'twas in the time of the *Decemviri* (and I think the chief troubles of our State may make up that number,) The *Decemviri*, My Lords, had ſubverted the Laws, Suſpended the Courts of Juſtice, and (which was the greateſt grievance both to the Nobility and People) had for ſome years omitted to aſſemble the Senate, which was their Parliament: This, ſays the Hiſtorian, did not only deject the *Romans*, and make them deſpair of their Liberty, but cauſed them to be leſs valued by their Neighbours: The *Sabines* take the advantage and invade them; and now the *Decemviri* are forc'd to call the long deſired Senate whereof the People were ſo glad, that *Hoſtibus belloque gratiam habuerunt*: This Aſſembly breaks up in diſcon-

diſcontent, nevertheleſs the War proceeds; Forces are raiſed, led by ſome of the *Decemviri*, and with the *Sabines* they meet in the Field: I know your Lordſhips expect the event: My Authors words of his Country Men are theſe, *Ne quid ductu aut auſpicio Decemvirorum proſpere gereretur, vinci ſe patiebantur*, They choſe rather to ſuffer a preſent diminution of their Honour, than by victory to confirm the Tyranny of their new Maſters: At their return from this unfortunate expedition, after ſome diſtempers and expoſtulations of the people, another Senate, that is, a ſecond Parliament, is call'd, and there the *Decemviri* are queſtioned, deprived of their authority, impriſoned, baniſh'd, and ſome loſe their lives; and ſoon after this vindication of their Liberties, the *Romans* by their better ſucceſs, made it appear to the World, that Liberty and Courage dwell always in the ſame breaſt, and are never to be divorced. No doubt, my Lords, but your Juſtice ſhall have the like effect upon this diſpirited people; 'tis not the reſtitution of our ancient Laws alone, but the reſtauration of our ancient Courage which is expected from your Lordſhips: I need not ſay any thing to move your juſt indignation, that this Man ſhould ſo Cheaply give away that which your Noble Anceſtors with ſo much Courage and induſtry had ſo long maintain'd: You have often been told how careful they were, though with the hazard of their Lives and Fortunes, to derive thoſe Rights and Li-

berties as entire to posterity as they received them from their Fathers; what they did with labour you may do with ease, what they did with danger you may do securely: the foundation of our Laws is not shaken with the Engine of War, they are only blasted with the breath of these men, and by your breath they may be restored.

What Judgments your Predecessors have given, and what punishments their Predecessors have suffered for offences of this nature, your Lordships have already been so well informed, that I shall not trouble you with a repetition of those precedents: Only (my Lords) something I shall take leave to observe of the person with whose charge I have presented you, that you may the less doubt of the wilfulness of his offence.

His education in the Inns of Court, his constant practice as a Councellour, and his experience as a Judge (considered with the mischief he has done) makes it appear that this Progress of his through the Law, has been like that of a diligent Spie through a Country, into which he meant to conduct an enemy.

To let you see he did not offend for company, there is one crime so peculiar to himself, and of such malignity, that it makes him at once uncapable of your Lordships favour, and his own subsistence incompatible with the right and propriety of the Subject: for if you leave him in a capacity of interpreting

interpreting the Laws, has he not already declared his opinion, That your votes and reſolutions againſt Ship-money are void, and that it is not in the power of a Parliament to aboliſh that Judgment? To him my Lords, that has thus play'd with the power of Parliament, wee may well apply what was once ſaid to the Goat browſing on the Vine.

Rode, caper, vitem, tamen hinc cum ſtabis ad aras
In Tua quod fundi cornua poſſit, erit:

He has cropt and infring'd the priviledges of a baniſh'd Parliament, but now it is returned, he may find it has power enough to make a Sacrifice of him, to the better eſtabliſhment of our Laws; and in truth what other ſatisfaction can he make his injur'd Country, than to confirm by his example thoſe Rights and Liberties which he had ruin'd by his opinion?

For the proofs, my Lords, they are ſo manifeſt, that they will give you little trouble in the diſquiſition; his crimes are already upon Record, the Delinquent and the Witneſs is the ſame; having from ſeveral ſeats of Judicature proclaim'd himſelf an Enemy to our Laws and Nation, *Ex ore ſuo judicabitur.* To which purpoſe I am commanded

by the Knights, and Citizens, and Burgeſſes of the Houſe of Commons, to deſire your Lordſhips that as ſpeedy a proceeding may be had againſt Mr. Juſtice *Crawley*, as the courſe of Parliament will permit.

Mr.

Mr. Waller's *Speech in the Houſe of Commons, on* Tueſday, July 4. 1643.

Being brought to the Bar, and having leave given him by the Speaker, to ſay what he could for himſelf, before they proceeded to expel him the Houſe.

Mr. Speaker,

I Acknowledege it a great mercy of God, and a great favour from you, that I am once more ſuffered to behold this Honourable Aſſembly. I mean not to make uſe of it to ſay any thing in my own defence by juſtification or denyal of what I have done, I have already confeſſed enough to make me appear, worthy not only to be put out of this Houſe, but out of the World too. All my humble requeſt to you is, that if I ſeem to you as

unworthy to live, as I do to my ſelf, I may have the honour to receive my death from your own hands, and not be expoſed to a Tryal by the Council of War: what ever you ſhall think me worthy to ſuffer in a Parliamentary way, is not like to find ſtop any where elſe.

This (Sir) I hope you will be pleaſed for your own ſakes to grant me, who am already ſo miſerable, that nothing can be added to my calamity, but to be made the occaſion of creating a preſident to your own diſadvantage; beſides the right I may have to this, conſider I beſeech you, that the eyes of the World are upon you; you Govern in chief, and if you ſhould expoſe your own Members to the puniſhment of others, it will be thought that you either want power, or leiſure to chaſtize them your ſelves: Nor let any man deſpiſe the ill conſequence of ſuch a preſident as this would be, becauſe he ſeeth not preſently the inconveniences which may inſue: You have many Armies on foot, and it is uncertain how long you may have occaſion to uſe them. Souldiers and Commanders (though I know well they of the Parliaments Army, excel no leſs in Modeſty than they do in Courage) are generally of a nature ready to pretend to the utmoſt power of this kind, which they conceive to be due to them, and may be too apt upon any occaſion of diſcontent to make uſe of ſuch a preſident as this. In this very Parliament you have

have not been without ſome taſte of the experience hereof; it is now ſomewhat more than two years ſince you had an Army in the North, paid and directed by your ſelves, and yet you may be pleaſed to remember there was a conſiderable number of Officers in that Army, which joyned in a Petition or Remonſtrance to this Houſe, taking notice of what ſome of the Members had ſaid here, as they ſuppoſed to their diſadvantage, and did little leſs than require them of you; 'tis true, there had been ſome tampering with them; but what has happened at one time, may wiſely thought poſſible to fall out again at another.

Sir, I preſume but to point you out the danger; if it be not juſt, I know you will not do me the wrong to expoſe me to this tryal; if it be juſt, your Army may another time require the ſame Juſtice of you, in their own behalf, againſt ſome other Member, whom perhaps you would be leſs willing to part with. Neceſſity has of late forced you into untrodden Paths; and in ſuch a Caſe as this where you have no Preſident of your own, you may not do amiſs to look abroad upon other States and Senates, which exerciſe the ſupream Power, as you now do here.

I dare confidently ſay you ſhall find none either Antient or Modern, which ever expoſed any of their own order to be Tryed for his Life by the

Officers

Officers of their Armies abroad, for what he did, while he reſided among them in the Senate.

Among the *Romans* the practice was ſo contrary, that ſome Inferiour Officers in the Army far from the City, having been Sentenced by their General, or Commander in chief, as deſerving Death by their Diſcipline of War, have nevertheleſs (becauſe they were Senators) Appealed thither, and the Cauſe has received a new hearing in the Senate. Not to uſe more Words to perſwade you to take heed that you Wound not your ſelves thorough my ſides, in violating the Priviledges belonging to your own Perſons; I ſhall humbly deſire you to conſider likewiſe the Nature of my offence, (not but that I ſhould be much aſhamed to ſay any thing in diminution thereof: God knows 'tis Horrid enough, for the Evil it might have occaſioned) but if you look near it, it may perhaps appear to be rather a Civil than a Martial Crime, and ſo to have Title to a Trial at the Common Law of the Land; there may juſtly be ſome difference put between me and others in this buſineſs.

I have had nothing to do with the other Army, or any intention to begin the offer of violence to any body. It was only a Civil pretence to that which I then Fooliſhly conceived to be the right of the Subject. I humbly refer it to your conſiderations, and to your Conſciences. I know you will

will take care not to ſhed the Blood of War in Peace, that Blood by the Law of War, which hath a right to be Tryed by the Law of Peace.

For ſo much as concerns my ſelf and my part in this buſineſs, (if I were worthy to have any thing ſpoken, or patiently heard in my behalf) this might truly be ſaid, that I made not this buſineſs but found it, it was in other mens hands long before it was brought to me, and when it came, I extended it not, but reſtrained it. For the Propoſitions of letting in part of the Kings Army, or offering violence to the Members oi this Houſe, I ever diſallowed and utterly rejected them.

What it was that moved me to entertain diſcourſe of this buſineſs ſo far as I did, I will tell you ingenuouſly, and that rather as a warning for others, than that it make any thing for my ſelf; it was only an impatience of the inconveniences of the preſent War, looking on things with a carnal eye, and not minding that which chiefly (if not only) ought to have been conſidered, the ineſtimable value of the Cauſe you have in hand, the Cauſe of God and of Religion, and the neceſſities you are forced upon for the maintenance of the ſame; as a juſt puniſhment for this neglect, it pleaſed God to deſert and ſuffer me with a fatal blindneſs, to be led on, and ingaged in ſuch Councils as were wholly diſproportioned to the reſt of my life; this (Sir) my own Conſcience tells me was the cauſe

of

of my failing, and not malice, or any ill habit of mind, or diſpoſition toward the Common-wealth, or to the Parliament: For from whence ſhould I have it? If you look on my Birth, you will not find it in my Blood: I am of a Stock which hath Born you better Fruit: If you look on my Education, it hath been almoſt from my Child-hood in this Houſe, and among the beſt ſort of Men; and for the whole Practice of my Life till this time, if another were to ſpeak for me, he might reaſonably ſay, that neither my Actions out of Parliament, nor in my Expreſſions in it, have ſavoured of Diſ-affection or Malice to the Liberties of the People, or Priviledges of Parliament.

Thus Sir, I have ſet before your Eyes, both my Perſon and my Caſe, wherein I ſhall make no ſuch Defence by denying, or Extenuating any thing, I have done, as ordinary Delinquents do, my Addreſs to you, and all my Plea ſhall only be ſuch as Children uſe to their Parents, I have offended; I confeſs it, I never did any thing like it before; it is a paſſage unſuitable to the whole Courſe of my Life beſide, and for the time to come, as God that can bring Light out of Darkneſs, hath made this buſineſs in the event uſeful to you, ſo alſo hath he to me: You have by it made an happy diſcovery of your Enemies, and I of my ſelf, and the Evil Principles I walk'd by;

ſo

ſo that if you look either on what I have been heretofore, or what I now am, and by Gods grace aſſiſting me, ſhall always continue to be, you may perhaps think me fit to be an Example of your Compaſſion and Clemency.

Sir, I ſhall no ſooner leave you, but my Life will depend on your Breath, and not that alone, but the ſubſiſtence of ſome that are more Innocent. I might therefore ſhew you my Children, whom the rigour of your Juſtice would make compleat Orphans, being already Motherleſs. I might ſhew you a Family, wherein there are ſome unworthy to have their ſhare in that mark of Infamy which now threatens us: But ſomething there is, which if I could ſhew you, would move you more than all this, it is my Heart, which abhors what I have done, more, and is more ſevere to it ſelf, than the ſevereſt Judge can be. A Heart (Mr. *Speaker*) ſo awakned by this Affliction, and ſo intirely devoted to the Cauſe you maintain, that I earneſtly deſire of God to incline to you, ſo to diſpoſe of me, whether for Life or for Death, as may moſt conduce to the Advancement thereof.

Sir, not to trouble you any longer, if I Dye, I ſhall Dye Praying for you; if I Live, I ſhall Live ſerving you, and render you back the uſe and Imployment of all thoſe Days you ſhall add to my Life.

After

After this, having withdrawn himself, he was called in again, and (being by the Speaker required thereto) gave them an exact account how he came first to the knowledge of this business, as also what Lords were acquainted therewith, or had ingaged themselves therein.

FINIS.

Books lately Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon*, in St. *Paul's Church-Yard.*

HOmeri Iliados Liber Primus. In quo ſingularum vocum ſignificationes, compoſitiones ac derivationes annotantur: Dialecti clare & diſtincte exponuntur: Synonyma multis locis adjiciuntur: Particularum varii ac elegantes uſus demonſtrantur: Phraſes & Sententiæ ex ipſo textu delinguntur: Græciſmi paſſim occurrentes explanantur: Fabulæ & Hiſtoriæ nominum propriorum enarrantur: omnia denique, quæ huc pertinere videbantur, ita continentur, ut is facile a quovis intelligatur, methoduſque vera Linguam Græcam tum docendi, tum diſcendi habeatur. Studio & Opera *Georg. Sylvani.* Pan. Med. *Editio Secunda.*

Doctor *Busbys* Greek Grammer newly Reprinted, with Conſiderable Corrections.

A Critical Hiſtory of the Text of the New Teſtament, where is firmly Eſtabliſht the Truths of thoſe Acts, in which the Foundation of Chriſtian Religion is laid; by Father *Simon* of the Oratory, Compleating his Criticiſms on the whole Bible.

A Juſtification of the Proceedings of their Majeſties King *William* and Queen *Mary*; of their Royal Highneſſes Prince *George*, and Princeſs *Ann*; of the

the Convention, Army, Miniſters of State, and others, in this great Revolution. *By Authority.*

Popiſh Treachery, or a Short and new account of the Horrid Cruelties Exerciſed on the Proteſtants in *France*; being a true Proſpect of what is to be Expected from the moſt Solemn Promiſes of *Roman Catholick* Princes: In a Letter from a Gentleman of that Nation, to one in *England.*

A True Narrative of all the Proceedings againſt the Lord Biſhop of *London*, in the Council-Chamber at *White-Hall*, by the Lords Commiſſioners appointed by His Majeſty, for Eccleſiaſtical Affairs.

Academy of Sciences, being a ſhort Introduction to the Knowledge of the Liberal Arts and Sciences, with the Names of thoſe Authors, who have writ on every particular Science.

The whole Body of Cookery Diſſected, Taught and fully Manifeſted, wherein is contained certain Bills of Fare for the Seaſons of the Year, for Feaſts and common Diets; whereunto is annexed a ſecond Part of Rare Receipts of Cookery; with a Book of Preſerving, Conſerving and Candying; after the moſt Exquiſite and uſeful manner, delectable for Ladies and Gentlewomen. By *Will. Rabiſha.*

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